

Victory Ball

Led to Revelations
Startled All
Up the
al

then began a series of
ch rival anything on the

on Castle, all well-known
ardson, another actress,

the incisive questioning
oundrel, whose activities
such a young woman as
n him, he nonchalantly

ase of London life, from
Club" to the sinister
ugh the testimony were
exposed to view. What
astown is not often told
um smoking parties in

laurants had closed for
on which have startled

stairs ran straight to the
street and above whose
doorway a lamp glowed
like an evil eye. At this
establishment he took his
pipe of 'chandu' and a
brief chat with the keeper
of the house, for, although
not popular and very sil-
ent, he liked sometimes
to be in the presence of
his compatriots. Like a
figure of a shadowgraph,
he slid through the door
and up the stairs.

"The chamber he en-
tered was a bit of the
Orient squatting at the
portals of the West. It
was a well-kept place,
where one might play a
game of fan-tan or take
a shot or so of li-un, or
purchase other varieties
of Oriental delight. It
was sunk in a purple
hush, though here and
there a lantern stung the
glooms. Low couches lay
around the walls, and
strange men decorated
them, Chinese, Japs, Ma-
lays, Lascars, with one or
two white girls, and sleek,
noiseless attendants swam
from couch to couch. Away
in the far corner sprawled
a lank figure in brown
shirting, its nerveless fin-
gers curled about the
stem of a spent pipe. On
one of the lounges a scor-
butic nigger sat with a
Jewess from Shadwell.
(Squatting on a table in
the centre, beneath one of
the lanterns, was a musi-
cian with a reed, blinking
upon the company like a
sly cat and making his
melody of six repeated
notes.

"The atmosphere
churned. The dirt of
years, tobacco of many growings, opium, betel nuts and
moist flesh allied themselves in one grand assault against
the nostrils."

It should be explained that this passage is part of a
story about a Limehouse pugilist who was beating his
child to death. The Chinese named Cheng Huan took the
child to his place and cared for her. When the pugilist
found this out he finished beating the child to death in
order to wipe out the stain of being cared for by a China-
man. The latter in return left a deadly snake in the
pugilist's bunk, so that it stung him to death.

At another place in Mr. Burke's book we come upon
this impressive picture of a Chinese drug fiend of Lime-
house:

"He was a dreadful doper. Sometimes he would chew
betel nut or bhang or hashish, but most it was a big jolt
of yen-shi, for he got more value from that. He was a
connoisseur, and used his selected yen-shi and yen-hok as
an Englishman uses a cigar.

"The first slow inhalations brought him nothing, but
as he continued there would come a sweet, purring warmth
about the limbs. This effect was purely physical: the
brain was left cold and awake, the thought uncolored.
But slowly, as the draws grew deeper, the details of the

An
interesting
portrait
of
Miss
Billie
Carleton.



Mr. Belcher testified that Billie Carleton was in the habit of going down to the indescribable dens of London's Chinatown, in the loathsome Limehouse district. On one occasion, he testified,

Miss Carleton and he started about 2 o'clock in the morning and remained until 6 o'clock smoking opium. When she got back to her apartment she was very ill.

room would fade, there would be a soft thunder in the ears, his eyes would close, and about the head gathered a cloud of lilac, at first opaque, but gradually lightening in consistency till it became but a shy gauze.

"Then, with all control of the faculties in suspen-
sion, out of the nebula would swim infinite delica-
cies of phantasy and rhyme, of the ethereal reality of a rose leaf. There would be faces half revealed and half secret, under torrents of loaded curls; faces now dusky, now strangely white; faces pure and haunting, and faces of creeping sin, floating without movement, fading and appearing. Faces sad almost to tears; then laughing, languishing faces; then cold, profound, animal faces—the faces of women, for the most part, but now and then faces of children and indeterminate faces.

"As the stupor devel-
oped it would bring music to the ears and a sense of glory of the immediate moment, when every tissue of the body

would be keyed to a pitch of ecstasy almost too sweet to be borne. Then, with a squall of brass in the ears the color would change, and this time it would hold stranger allurements.

"The last stage of the dope dream would be a chaos of music and a frenzy of frock and limb and curl against delirious backgrounds. Always the background was the Causeway, Orientalized. The little cafe would leap and bulge to a white temple; the chimney against the sky would sprout into a pagoda, and there would be the low pulsing of tom-toms. The street would sway itself out of all proportion, and grotesque staircases would dip to it from the dim-starred night; and it would be filled with pale girls, half garbed in white and silver and gold and blue."

This is part of a story about a Limehouse girl who filled her dress with poisoned needles, so that when the Chinese drug fiend embraced her he died slowly and horribly.

It was the same Limehouse Causeway described with such gripping interest by Mr. Burke that figured so prominently in the Billie Carleton inquest. It was from a den on the Causeway kept by a Chinaman that her conscienceless friends obtained the cocaine and the opium which they used in their orgies. It was to this same Causeway that they brought her for an opium debauch—just such a scene as Mr. Burke depicts in his story of Cheng Huan and the English child.

Coming back to the night of the ball, the Coroner asked Belcher if he could tell anything which would throw any light on the bottle of veronal found in the apartments of the dead actress.

MR. BELCHER: I have no idea where the veronal came from. I cannot account for the veronal found in Miss Carleton's room after her death. I have never taken trional or veronal; I am addicted to heroin more than to anything else, and I could do with a very little cocaine. We left the Victory Ball at 4 o'clock, dropping Miss Fay Compton and the doctor and went straight to the Savoy.

Q. Did you go to Chinatown?

A. No.

Q. Do you swear to that?

A. On my oath. I have been to Chinatown two or three times. While at the ball I saw de Veulle nod and say "How do you do?" to Miss Carleton, but I think it was impossible for de Veulle to have passed cocaine to her.

Q. May I take it that the evidence you have given us to-day is the truth, and the evidence that you gave us on the previous occasion is false?

A. Yes.

MR. PRESTON (for Mrs. Adamoff): Was Mrs. Adamoff the first person who gave you heroin?

BELCHER: Yes. It was two years ago, and not six weeks ago, as had been stated. I merely mentioned her name because she was the first person who gave it to me—two or three sniffs—and not because she had anything to do with this case, because she had not.

MR. CRAN (representing Belcher): Did you upon advice see Inspector Curry?

A. Yes, last Monday, and I made a statement to him.

Q. That was the subject of a police inquiry?

A. Yes.

Q. You were ultimately released as a consequence of the police being satisfied that what you said was true?

A. Yes.

Q. What you withheld on the last occasion was just sufficient to shield some person whom you thought on a point of honor you should shield from the possible consequences of their foolishness?

A. Exactly.

CORONER: You cannot get away from the fact that you told us on the last occasion a lot of lies and some truth?

A. I think I told more truth than lies.

Miss Fay Compton was called next.

CORONER: What is your address?

FAY COMPTON: Hereford Square.

Q. Did you call for Miss Carleton on the night of the Victory Ball?

A. Yes, about 11:30, at the theatre, and took her to Dr. Stewart's, where we had supper.

Q. Did she seem all right?

A. Yes, perfectly normal.

Q. You went to the ball in the Royal Albert Hall together?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you see Mr. de Veulle during the evening?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you speak to him?

A. No; he waved to "Billie."

Q. What time did you leave the ball?

A. We left about 3 A. M. In the taxi were Billie Carleton, Dr. Stewart, Lieutenant Barraud, Mr. Belcher, Miss Richardson and myself. Lieutenant Barraud and I were dropped at Hereford Square.

CORONER: Did you see anything or any drug-taking that night?

FAY COMPTON: Not at all.

Q. Or any handing about of drugs?

A. No. I did not notice anything.

Q. Did you know Miss Carleton took drugs?

A. Yes, I did.

Q. Did you approve of it?

A. No, I tried very hard to persuade her not to.

Q. Was she an old friend of yours?

A. I have known her over two years, I think.

Q. Were you together at the Prince of Wales's Theatre?

A. Yes.

Q. What did she say when you tried to persuade her to give it up?

A. I did so on many different occasions. Generally she remarked, "Don't be stupid. It is quite an impossible thing to give it up. You don't know anything about it."

Q. Why was it impossible to give it up?

A. I thought she meant to suggest that it had such a hold on her.

Q. Do you know what she took?

A. I know she took cocaine, and I know she had smoked opium.

Q. Have you ever taken these things?

A. No.

Q. Had she ever said anything about suicide, wishing she was dead, or anything of that kind?

A. No, never.

Q. Did you know of any jealousy between Mr. and Mrs. de Veulle?

A. She told me something of the sort on the night of the Victory Ball. She spoke of it as really rather a ridiculous joke.

Q. That Mrs. de Veulle was jealous?

A. Yes. Miss Carleton once came into my dressing room at the Prince of Wales's Theatre and she was heavily doped. I said, "You promised me you would not take any more of that stuff." She said, "If you only knew how impossible it is to resist it when it is brought to me." I said, "Who brought it to-night?" and she said, "Reggie de Veulle brought it." That was about the end of May or the beginning of June. Miss Carleton was highly strung, and on the night of the ball spoke of how she was looking forward to going to Paris.

MR. VALETTA: It is suggested that she was so worried about Mrs. de Veulle that she took cocaine?

FAY COMPTON: I don't think that is so.

Q. Did de Veulle have any opportunity of secretly giving cocaine to Miss Carleton on the night of the ball?

A. No; not so far as I could see.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)